

# THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

## Psychology Is Merely Plain Sense

Robert the Devil's Escape From His Cage Arouses Speculation as to His Former Ancestors.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

ROBERT the Devil got out of his cage the other day.

Robert the Devil doesn't look a bit like his name. We call him that because the song that he sings sounds so much like the principal aria in the old-fashioned opera, "R-Robert, Robert tu t'aimes."

This particular Robert isn't really a devil at all, he's just a canary, a little yellow canary, with tiny, sparkling, black eyes and the funniest little emotional method of singing in all the world.

The day he escaped from his cage I shut the door and the windows and sat down and watched him to see what he would do.

"What will he try first?" I thought.

"The window, of course."

"Poor thing! he won't understand the glass and he'll try to fly right through it. Poor thing! poor—"

But Robert the Devil did no such thing. He didn't even look at the window. He flew right straight over to the looking glass and stood and admired himself.

Oh, he admired himself immensely. He put his head on one side and then on the other, and he ruffled up his feathers and stretched his neck and pruned and feathered on his tiny feet.

"What's the matter?" I thought.

"Robert, I'm surprised at you." But Robert tilted closer to the mirror; he chirped and nodded. "Why," I thought, "he isn't vain, he's lonesome." And so he was, poor thing! just lonesome, that's all. And he thought the bird in the mirror was somebody that might turn out to be a friend, and he wanted to make a good impression, that was all.

The Birch Bark Adventure.

Robert didn't care for the pennants on the wall or for the books on the bookshelf. He was really a bit bored, and began to look around for his cage, when suddenly something attracted his attention.

You could fairly see him get a new impression. He put his head on one side, listened, chirped and flew straight to a little picture frame on the wall, which hung upon the wall.

He was as excited when he found that birch bark as one of us would be to come suddenly into a room and meet, face to face, the ghost of an old, old friend who'd heard of for years and never even seen.

Robert the Devil went mad—stark, staring, chirping, warbling, trilling and singing and swelled his little throat, and pecked the bark and flew round and round the frame, and then he flew up to the top of the frame and put it there before him.

Wasn't that queer? I don't believe he'd ever seen a picture before in his life, and I know he'd never heard of it.

Why was there to tell him? And yet, somehow, he knew that he belonged to his world. His world, poor thing! I wonder if he ever dreams confusedly of it, when all the time he is chirping and the moon streams into the window and falls first upon the cage of Robert the Devil and then upon a little figure that lies so soft and warm in the little bed within the room.

What does he dream, do you suppose? Of wild, free flights under the stars, of brothers and sisters with him in the old nest, of the mother that fed him, of the tall trees and the singing wind, of the long, long journey from the island of the sea far and to the north for summer time and south again for winter?

When the Door Opens.

Does he love us with ready gratitude when he awakes and looks at us with reverent anger when he sleeps?

In the daytime, is it all a curious muddle to him? How interesting it all is to this world we live in and the creatures that live here with us?

Where do your dreams come from and mine? Are they sometimes just a part of memory, too?

I met a man the other day and talked with him for five minutes, and I felt as if I had known him a hundred years. I didn't like him at all, and he didn't like me, and we knew each other at sight.

Was he a part of some strange life, some ancestor of mine remembered?

Are we just prisoners here in time, as we are, chained to bodies of flesh, and sometimes at night, when the stars are asleep, do we fly out of the cage a little while?

Psychology? What a lot of talk there is about it these days. And yet, somehow, when you tell it all down, it all seems to be just a little common sense and a few of the old things we used to call superstition put together and covered by a bit of fancy and awe-inspiring new names. Like the key, you know, all your life come back, from medieval school to the latest secrets of your life and heart.

Robert the Devil, I wish I dared open the window, as I will to the door of your cage, and get you free.

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## RECIPES

### Apple Snowballs.

Oil, two teaspoons of rice in milk until nearly done; then strain it, pure and core as many apples as there are portions to be served, put a small quantity of sugar and a clove in each apple, lay on a small floured cloth, covering each with rice, tie each ball separately, then boil until the apples are tender, halve an hour will usually be enough. Serve with a good Rocky Mountain sauce, with or without brandy according to taste.

### Buttered Apples.

Cover the bottom of a dish large enough to hold six apples with apple jelly or marmalade, place in a shallow pan six apples that have been pared and cored, cover with water and simmer until tender, remove carefully without breaking, and place them on the marmalade, putting a spoonful of apricot jam in each, having a lump of butter on top of each apple, with sugar and put in the oven for ten minutes or until it colors a light, delicate brown over the top. Serve the apples hot, with suet cake and coffee.

## The Biter Bit, Or, How the Interviewer Was Interviewed by the Innocent Girl!

Edna Baker Pretends That She Is Unused to Interviews, Neatly Passes the Buck, as It Were, and, Forcing the Deal On the Visiting Lady, Avoids All Questions.

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

IN the very beginning, we wish to make perfectly clear that not for a moment do we think that Miss Edna Baker is unused to interviews.

The peculiarly astute manner in which she extracted information from her questioner, and the subsequent confession that she had never been a reporter, manifestly left but one line of argument open. She was so accustomed to meeting strangers and having them ask her her real name, age, and previous business that she was able to do the trick herself and neatly put the business of accounting for oneself up to the weary writer.

The fact that Miss Baker plays in "It Pays To Advertise" may account for her appreciation of the value of an interview, surely, unless it be that she is so charming that it is impossible to write anything about her that is not pleasant, no other meaning can be attached to her frank acceptance of a situation which is often avoided by stars.

"How do you do?" she asked just finishing my breakfast, she announced with perfect composure after the introduction ceremony was over. "I was a little at loss when I was told that I was to be interviewed, and a friend of mine who is a newspaper woman, advised me to make up a speech and learn it by heart, so that I could recite it when you came."

She smiled broadly and innocently, intimating complete ignorance as to the proper procedure. But the big baby blue eyes were somewhat too guileless, and the dimpled face framed in curly blond hair, had an air of such hidden wisdom that it was impossible to believe that this was one of her first offenses.

"My newspaper friend," she continued warily, "said that if I did not learn a speech and direct the conversation that the reporters were apt to make all sorts of strange copy out of what I did not say at all. I am not afraid, however, because there is nothing that I could possibly say that I would not have printed. I am not afraid to have people look at me."

The Helpful Friend, who is always present on the occasions of interviews, answered a knock at the door, and the arrival of a box of flowers, modest but rare, made a pleasing break in the conversation. Indeed, it came just in time to prevent the interviewer from accusing her directly of fibbing, for the talk shifted to men, and then to the question of keeping good hours, and on to how to keep plump but not fat.

This led unsuspiciously to direct and personal questions as to the how and when and where of interviewing and the day was almost lost. "If you don't mind, you seem so kind," she volunteered, "would you mind telling me just how you remember an interview and what you do when you get one? Do you make a mental picture of the victim and carry it away with you? Do you find everything easy to talk to?"

Of course, it was impossible to

## Daily Fashion Suggestion



THE coat of soft, pliable leather has suddenly sprung into favor. It possesses far more chic than the coat of cloth or fur and is to be had in white, tan, brown, red or green. This model is of red lined with blue silk. The coat is cut in such a manner that inverted box-pleats are formed in the skirt. A wide belt of leather confines the fullness about the waist. A high standing collar of blue velvet bordered with ermine, blue velvet and the throat from the chilling winds.

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MISS EDNA BAKER.

Who Is So Convinced That "It Pays To Advertise" That She Braves the Danger of Seeing Reporters Invariably, Clever Edna.

avoid an answer, and after several most precious minutes had been utterly wasted in a technical explanation of methods, a bit of information was volunteered.

"I should think," she observed, "that you would be continually disappointed and about as much to write what you think. When I was quite a small girl I went to see 'The Music Master' and cried all over my new dress. I just sobbed my life away and left thinking that David Warfield was the most wonderful creature in the world. Several days afterward I met him on the street. Instead of the music master, I saw a small, neatly dressed young-looking man, a checked suit of late and impeccable workmanship, wearing a cane, and carefully depicting brilliant yellow suede gloves. My heart almost stopped beating. I can tell you. It was David Warfield and not the music master."

She laughed and coughed helplessly at her vaudeville, insinuating sotto voce that she did not want it and didn't like it. She wanted to talk and ask questions, and the clever ruse of making her keep on with her breakfast so that one would

have an opportunity to ask HER questions did not work.

"Did that ever happen to you?" That disillusionment? And no wonder was a half-way explanation made of that query that another was fired. "Are the people that you meet off stage natural? Do they try to be themselves or do they pose and pretend? I couldn't pretend to save my life. I am just myself, and if people don't like it I can't and don't try to help it." "Did you ever see?" she enquired several stars, and questioned directly as to the experience had in interviewing them. Invariably she took out a large unpadded manner and smiled into the interviewers who "never got off the stage" even when they were entirely alone.

There was no malice in her criticism, and she seemed more like an entire outsider than a member of the theatrical profession. In a way she is an outsider, for she has had but few of the hard knocks which usually come to leading women, and has only been on the stage for six years. For a little while she was

However, Since She Forgot to Learn a Speech, as a Friend Suggested, She Dropped Several Crumbs of Information Unwittingly, and Therefore Figures In the News Today.

In the chorus, she explained, then she went for two years to a dramatic school in New York, graduated and was "discovered" by Cohen and Harris, her managers. She was handed a nice fat position as leading woman, and has kept it ever since, with the exception of a year or two of stock, which she values highly.

"I am the happiest girl in the world," she added as she finished the short recital of her career. "And I see only success ahead of me if I work hard and keep my head. I was very ill not long ago, but I am so much better now. My managers will start me in a new play on Broadway next year. What more could I want?" "I have the fault of sitting up and reading a great deal," she mused, and as it was observed that "one could see that she did," she uttered a cry of despair, and made a movement toward half a dozen magazines which lay on the writing desk.

"Not very elevating, I meant to hide them before you came," she giggled. "You know I always meant to write some day. I used to write lots of stuff and send it to the Youth's Companion as a child. Do you ever expect to do something more serious than newspaper work?"

But before that could be answered other guests entered and the interview was over. The Helpful Friend registered sympathy for the scant information gleaned. Miss Baker's white teeth flashed, and the door closed.

It really hadn't been half bad, with all of the answering of questions, but suppose she had learned that speech? Innocent? Bah!

## Oh, Where Do Fairies Hide Their Heads?

O, where do the fairies hide their heads? When snow lies on the hills—When frost has spoiled their mossy beds—And crystallized their rills? Beneath the moon they cannot trip In circles over the plain; And draughts of dew they cannot sip Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps in small, blue diving bells They plunge beneath the waves, Inhibiting the wretched shells That lie in coral caves.

Perhaps in red verandas Carinate they lurk, And hover their little spirits thus Till green leaves come again.

When they return there will be birth And music in the air And fairy rings upon the earth And laughter everywhere.

The maids, to keep the elves aloof, Will bar the doors in vain; No key-hole will be fairy-proof Or by his beauty if you don't appear to care for him in the least.

By ANNIE LAURIE.

Dear Annie Laurie: At a party last September, I met a boy whom I like very much, but I am afraid he doesn't like me. He has been very kind to me several times, but he does not keep them.

DOLLY.

How can I find out if he really likes me as I don't want to like him if he does not?

UNFANSY.

I think these friends who appear to care for us one day and dislike us the next aren't very comfortable persons to have around. Just suppose if you don't appear to care for him in the least.

Dear Annie Laurie: I have been keeping company with a young man whom I like very much, but I am afraid he doesn't like me. He has been very kind to me several times, but he does not keep them.

DOLLY.

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## Eighteen Diseases Are Traced to Ultra Minute And Invisible Microbes

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

WITH the recent discovery made by Flexner of the invisible germs that cause infantile paralysis and Noguera's discovery of the germ that causes rabies, additional links are forged in the chain of microbiology, undreamed of by the forefathers of this science.

The discovery of germ after germ followed so rapidly, in fact, that the last stronghold of prejudice and misguided opposition were soon swept down before the indisputable proof that diseases, in great part, are due to microbes.

First, the causes of anthrax, then typhoid, and, in turn, tuberculosis, pneumonia, glanders, erysipelas and most of the commoner maladies yielded to the tireless industry and painstaking researches of the indefatigable laboratory workers. As death-concealing mists along rock-bound coasts disappear in the light of the noonday sun, as the glare of electric street lamps eliminates the footpad and the highway man, so scientists have penetrated the recesses of the indefatigable laboratory workers. As death-concealing mists along rock-bound coasts disappear in the light of the noonday sun, as the glare of electric street lamps eliminates the footpad and the highway man, so scientists have penetrated the recesses of the indefatigable laboratory workers.

The stone wall of human and animal ailments, caused by other than placid microbes, is now being broken down by the discovery of the ultra minute germs that cause diseases, in great part, are due to microbes.

From about 1885, the period of the birth of such germs as the anti-toxin of diphtheria and lockjaw, but the discovery of the ultra minute germs that cause diseases, in great part, are due to microbes.

The ceaseless war.

Dr. Laveron, a French army surgeon, observed in 1890 certain non-bacterial parasites in the red blood corpuscles of malarial soldiers in Algeria, but his recognition of them as non-vegetable or animal parasites induced few investigators to seek for similar causes of other little understood maladies.

The hiatus in this fertile field lasted, however, but a short time. Soon discovery followed discovery with kangaroo strides. Roux and von Behring, in 1896, delivered us from the bondage of fatal group diphtheria by their discovery of antitoxin. Loose and Mason discovered the embryonic stages of malaria—the apical species. Reed, Carson and Laveron demonstrated that the mosquito is a source of yellow fever. Vaughan, Hamilton, and others showed that the housefly spreads typhoid. Flexner produced an anti-meningitis serum. Sir Almroth Wright discovered that the dead bacteria of typhoid, erysipelas, pneumonia, blood poisoning and other common infections can be made into a preventive vaccine as efficacious as vaccination for smallpox.

Dozens of other revolutionary blessings to mankind have followed thick and fast within the past fifteen years, and it is not too much to expect that the human race will have been given lengthened life, in fact, so far as infectious diseases are concerned, it may be safely said that the man who has had a reasonable chance a decade and a half ago of reaching only thirty years of age, has a far greater chance today of reaching forty-five.

In 1887 Prof. Loeffler, one of the great pioneers whose name will be forever associated with the discovery of the bacillus of diphtheria, hit upon a method of growing the ultra minute germs that cause diseases, in great part, are due to microbes.

Science has already triumphed sufficiently to enable us to take its place in that group of micro-organisms.

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## Women Know

that they cannot afford to be ill. They must keep themselves in the best of health at all times. Most of all, the digestive system must be kept in good working order. Knowing the importance of this, many women have derived help from

## Beecham's Pills

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